

VOL. XIII.-No. 337.

AUGUST 22, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

ROSSA:—"Begorra, we'll never kill her while her appetite lasts!"

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - -	\$5.00
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

If you will kindly go down into your kitchen and put your cook through a vigorous examination, direct, cross and re-direct, you will probably find that she has a choice collection of bills like the one of which we print a fac-simile below. You will also find that for these worthless bits of paper she has given the good, honest money of the United States that she has earned by hard—and hot—labor; and that this money has gone, as usual, into the pockets of the idle scamps who make a living by the great confidence game of "Irish Patriotism." The emissaries of the "patriots"

have invented a most ingenious and effective system of swindling their countrymen and country-women—country-women principally; for their easiest game is found among cooks, washwomen, scrubwomen and other poor souls, whose ignorance may invariably be counted upon. Waitresses and chambermaids have more chances of hearing the conversation of their employers, and are often too shrewd to take in the bait at which the poor kitchen-bound cook snaps readily.

We must say, however, it is a carefully prepared bait, and one likely to catch even the cleverest of Erin's daughters, if she sees it for the first time. The engraving, as is shown by the fac-simile here given, is fine work on steel. The paper is heavy and crisp. On the back is a neat design in green. The figures are in red, the "seal" in green. Altogether it closely resembles what Bridget has been taught to look upon as lawful money, and with the light of patriotism blinding her eyes, it is no wonder that the glib sharper induces her to take it and hand him over her little treasure of U. S. notes.

Close examination might destroy even Bridget's faith in this pretty "certificate" which is "redeemable six months after the acknowledgment of the Independence of the Irish Republic." What acknowledgement and what republic? Redeemable for what? By whom is this indebtedness guaranteed? By John O'Mahony and B. Doran Killian—that is the name struck by lightning in the left-hand lower corner. What a brutal, insulting swindle it is! These fellows do not even take the trouble to give their work the slightest appearance of honesty, further than what is sufficient to make it pass with the most ignorant. So long as they make these bills look and feel like money, they count fearlessly upon the dull stupidity of their victims, who will never dream of making further investigation. Note the date—"March 17th, 1866." The bill from which our plate was photographed is fresh and stiff. But the plate tells its own story. It only remains for us to say that, of all the tricks devised by the gentlemen who feed needles to their peaceable neighbors' horses, this is one of the cruellest and meanest; and that the Continental Bank-note Company might have been better employed than in lending its aid to such efforts of Irish Patriotism.

Is Mr. Tilden to be a candidate for the Presidency? We read the *Sun* carefully every day, and try to learn from its editorials what Mr.

Tilden's course is to be, but without obtaining any enlightenment. One editorial may perhaps raise our hopes—we see our way perfectly clear, and look forward to November twelvemonth, when we shall have the happiness of recording our vote for him. A few days after, these hopes are shattered by the announcement that Mr. Tilden would not in any circumstances be President, although there is no doubt that, if nominated, he would be elected.

Another week may elapse during which time the *Sun* "booms" two or three likely men, but it always returns to its first and only love, Uncle Samuel. Other Presidents may have done very well in their way, but there never was a President—nor will there ever be a President—who could, would or should equal Samuel J. Tilden. Please, Mr. Dana, tell us what is the use of talking about Mr. Tilden if he is not a candidate? And is he a candidate? If not, are you going to make him one against his will, with the help of Mr. Watterson and Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Hewitt? You will pardon our saying so, Mr. Dana, but Mr. Tilden is becoming a nuisance, and we shall be glad when we hear he is finally out of politics, if he is ever going to get out.

Mr. Jay Gould has gained another victory; but it is not a victory to be proud of. The poor, half-starved telegraphers have had to succumb, as we prophesied, and Labor once more has shown that it is no match for Capital. In spite of what some powerful newspapers say, a Government telegraph would be a very good thing; and there is no reason why it should be a political machine to any greater extent than the Post-Office—and politics in that department are comparatively little felt. Besides, the wages of telegraph operators are not so great as to induce any of the "heelers" to find places for their favorites. There would still be mean Jay Goulds and meaner Western Unions making what profits they could out of the public; but then the public would not be at their mercy, as at present; for it would give its skilled employees living wages, which the grasping, ungrateful monopolist never does.

The public jeered him when his boat was sawed, And at his poisoned tea the world guffawed; Wires in his course provoked the smile and sneer, Likewise the sandbag 'neath his martyr ear.

Poor butt of Chance! and was it never meant That you should some day win, by accident?



Puckering.



THE PERSIAN WAY.

I.

"Get a hundred of the sleekest and fattest-looking tramps you can find. Give them a new bed-gown apiece, and drill them as a guard of honor. Fifteen hundred dollars must be the figure for that. Seize in the Bazaar two or three hundred yards of carpet for the gjaour to walk on. We'll put that down at three thousand dollars. Charge a hundred per cent on cost for the sherbet and other refreshments, and don't pay the fellows who supply it. If they threaten to go to law, bow-string their lawyers; if the judges kick, bow-string the judges; if the

II.

III.

IV.

A CERTAIN TRIBE in Africa worship what they call the Sacred Hen. You see, a long time ago a certain Dorcas society sent a lot of clothes and edibles to the heathen, and among the latter was a spring-chicken. The savages found it impossible to cut or chew the spring-chicken, which had evidently hailed from a boarding-house, so the chief tied a cord on it and used it for a slung-shot. In the first battle in which he used it he killed a neighboring king and won a signal victory. He then concluded that the spring-chicken must be some kind of a Mascotte, and all the tribe fell down before it and worshipped. And they are worshipping it yet under the title of the Sacred Hen.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCV.

THOUGHTS AT NEWPORT.



Ya-as, it is almost aw tiresome he-ah. Both Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself are wearwied of the perpetual wound of what is called amusement. Most of the millionaires and their families are not ladies and gentlemen, and I don't care to talk to many of them. They don't improve on acquaintance. Were it not faw the occasional society of some of the forweign ministahs and an occasional fellow with decent bweeding, it would be almost unbearable.

Howevah, we aw make the best of it, and I am willing to do this, as I wathah like the place, in spite of the widiculous attempts at hunting the fox and othah painful exhibitions of snobberwy. I wefer especially to instances where some of these aw people pwetend to be scions of noble waces, when in weality they would feel ashamed of their gwandfathahs—if they happen to have been blessed with such a commodity. The accumulation of wealth does not compensate faw all these dwawbacks.

The coming season in New York in the autumn and wintah will not be so bad, aftah all. Severnal of my old fwiends will be he-ah. Onslow—the Earl, yer know—is already he-ah, Colerwidge, the aw Lord Chief Justice of England, is, as I wite, hourly expected, and severnal othah fellows of minah importance, who are going to inspect some railways in the north-western terwirorwy of this countwy.

The Amerwicans who have built these woads are maw than anxious to get Englishmen inter-

wested, that they may dispose of the pwoerty to gween Bwewish capitalists, who nevah seem to tire of purchasing worthless Amerwican secur-wities.

But the fellow whom I shall be jolly glad to see above all othahs is aw Irving, the actah, who is going to play he-ah throughtout the wintah. I shall certainly insist on his staying in my house faw a bwief perwiod, if he can possibly find the time. I like to encourage talent w aen-evah it comes undah my observation, and Henwy Irving has a verwy fai-ah supply indeed. It has afforded me much gwatification to watch his successful carwe-ah.

I am invariably in sympathy with art and literwature, and it pleases me to be a patwon of such arwagements. Perwhaps this is one of the benefits of living in a forweign countwy; it gives one the opportunity of showing a little attention to distinguished visitahs, which they are likely to appweciate.

Turning to othah mattahs, there are severnal things which are exciting attention at the moment, which I have aw heard distussed with maw than ordinary warmth. I wefer to a sort of aw moderwate panic which wecently took place in Wall Stweet. Everwy stock tumbled down to a widiculously low pwice, and there was a twemendous wush to sell, which necessarwily caused the wuin of severnal people. My weguhah bwokahs tell me that speculating in Wall Stweet is aw an extwemely dangerwous amusement, and I see no weason why I should not agwee with them, maw particularly as I nevah bothah my bwain about such things. This countwy has gweat wecuperwative powahs, and I suppose that mattahs will soon be in their normal condition again.

This is a dull time of ye-ah, and I don't think I have any furthah wemarks to make at pwesent, except to venchah to expwess a hope that the Asiatic cholerwa will not be allowed to come to Amerwica. I shall suggest to the Pwesident that he give particular instwuctions that the quarwantine wegulations be strictly carwied out aw.

A SCHOOL MEMORY.

Little Willie Wilkins was about the worst boy in the whole school, as well as the one who displayed the most daring. There was never a scrape that he didn't have a hand in. The teacher was a man who could cut a boy almost in two every time he hit him, and it was the severity of the punishment inflicted that made it a signal triumph for little Willie Wilkins to perpetrate a trick on him without being detected.

The teacher knew, too, that it was just so much solid legitimate muscle thrown away, to attempt to bring Willie Wilkins to a proper sense of his misdeeds by hammering him around the room with a ruler.

Every time he had punished him, he had got the worst of it himself.

The first time he attempted to beat him into subjection, it was for putting a bull-frog in his desk. The teacher did not know of the existence of the frog until he opened the desk to get a slate-pencil. As soon as the desk-cover was lifted, up jumped the frog, and fetched the teacher in the eye, and made him wink for some minutes.

After he got through winking, he laid Willie Wilkins gently across his lap, and hit him, just once, with the palm of his hand. Then he put him down, because Willie Wilkins had lined his habiliments with shingles. And lo and behold, a nail stuck through the identical shingle with which the teacher's hand came in contact. And the nail went clean through the teacher's hand, and came out at the knuckle, and little Willie Wilkins returned to his desk smiling, and for a month Snediker thrashed the boys left-handed.

On various occasions he had got the worst of the bargain when he attempted to correct Willie Wilkins, and he began to give up in despair, until one day, when he detected the youthful culprit in the act of placing a bent pin on his chair.

The teacher made up his mind that he would not thrash little Willie Wilkins, because it was too large a contract to undertake. So he entered the room, and stood up while he heard the next lesson. Willie Wilkins watched in vain for him to sit on the pin, and was sorely disappointed because he did not.

And when they were all out at recess, playing ball and shouting and having a good time, little Willie Wilkins took his most trusted companions aside and told them about the pin, and asked them to be on the lookout to see old Snediker fly off the chair and hurt his head on the ceiling.

While he was doing this, old Snediker took the bent pin off his chair and placed it on the bench where little Willie Wilkins sat, and then rang the bell for the boys to come in.

They came in in a volley, and every eye was on the teacher to see him jump. But just as most of them reached their seats, little Willie Wilkins came in and sat down on the bench hard enough to break it, and, flying suddenly into the air, as though kicked by a mule, let out a shriek that would pierce a grave-stone; then he came down on the pin again, and began to fan his hands around, as though to beat off hornets.

Then the teacher called him out and asked him what was the matter.

He said some boy had put a pin in his seat. Thereupon the teacher told the class what he had done, and delivered a touching lecture on the evil of making another suffer for one's enjoyment; and little Willie Wilkins learned the Golden Rule by heart on the spot, and became a better boy, and grew up to be a warden in a church and a cashier in a bank.

Thus does victory perch upon the banner of the virtuous, even as solidly as little Willie Wilkins had perched upon the bent pin.

R. K. M.

EXTRACT FROM THE GREAT FORTHCOMING STORY

IN THE "BOYS' OWN WEEKLY TERROR."



"'Do not fear,' said Yellowstone Dick, the boy scout, to the trembling President: 'You have lost your way; follow me, and I will save you!' And with these words the fearless boy turned and strode rapidly in the direction of," etc., etc.

MYRTLE PLACE.

Some like the country and will sing
Only of country sights and sounds—
Rivulets, roses, birds a-wing—
But I, I love these stony bounds,
And now and then by devious ways,
And eyeing the crowd 'mid whom I pace,
I wander through, these summer days,
The silent length of Myrtle Place.

It lies two busier streets between.
Through them the noisy traffic hums;
Here seldom wheel or face is seen,
And never loitering wanderer comes.
The solemn houses tower o'erhead,
Shut out the light of Heaven's grace,
Save when the sunset's gold and red
Send level beams down Myrtle Place.

Most men see nothing here that 's strange—
A dark still street, two red brick rows
Of houses missed of modern change—
White steps where no one ever goes:
"Such stretch around us mile on mile;"
But, ah, they miss this saving grace—
They know not, they, how here, erewhile,
My Jenny lived in Myrtle Place!

I, sauntering lonely, look across,
And think how once gray eyes grew bright,
And smiles repaid the sunshine's loss
From Jenny's window opposite;
And he who in the dusky street
But passing saw that witching face
Went on in strange perturbation sweet
With grateful thoughts of Myrtle Place.

What rustic things can equal these?
A day the rose grows fair and meek—
Perpetual sweet change he sees
Who looks with love on Jenny's cheek!
No streamlet's ripple, poet-heard,
No song of all the light-winged race
So musical as Jenny's word
Or Jenny's laugh in Myrtle Place.

But Jenny 's gone! And as night falls
The golden beams that fired the gloom
Vanish and die from sombre walls
And stony street—'t is like a tomb:
No Jenny heeds my step, my call,
At Jenny's window smiles no face,
A pilgrim shrine is left—'t is all
Of Jenny now in Myrtle Place.

TREFOIL.

MORE LECTURE.

A few remarks which we lately made on a small college-paper, named the *Acta Columbiana*, have called forth a very long letter from Mr. J. K. Bangs, who seems to have taken great umbrage at what we said, and who is moved to much withering sarcasm.

We are sorry we cannot print Mr. Bangs's nine pages; but his reply to our strictures may be briefly condensed thus: Mr. Bangs does not like PUCK; the editor of PUCK cannot read Latin; Mr. Bangs once sent some stamps to PUCK, which were feloniously detained in the office of PUCK; Mr. Bangs's college statistics are *not* meagre; the students of Columbia College go on "bats," but do not get drunk, and Mr. Bangs thinks that "intoxicated" is a better word "for a polished journalist" than "drunk."

There is nothing here that especially calls for comment, save the last statement. Mr. Bangs is quite wrong. No journalist can ever be so "polished" that the English language is not good enough for him; and the more polish a man receives in his professional career, the more likely is he to use plain, short, honest words. "Intoxicated" is not so good a word as "drunk," because it is not so simple. It is a word that has its use and its place; but it would be a very undesirable word, indeed, if it were to drive honest "drunk" out of the English language.

We are sorry that this young man has taken our Little Lecture in such an unwise spirit. He is angry with us now, and probably thinks himself very ill-used; but we have no doubt that,

THE RIGHT BROOM FOR THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



A CLEAN SWEEP, AND NO FAVOR SHOWN.

a few years hence, he will feel thankful to us for having pointed out to him that he was wasting his time and his energies in useless and mischievous work.

We hope that Mr. Bangs will understand that it was not to hurt his feelings that we singled him out from among his class-mates for our Little Lecture. We felt the necessity of giving a rebuke to the growing recklessness and idleness of young men and boys in our colleges, and Mr. J. K. Bangs happened to be responsible for a particularly objectionable bit of collegiate "freshness." If that sort of thing began and ended with Mr. Bangs, it would be all right; but we hear from all parts of the country the same complaints of an utter lack of moral and social discipline among the young men of our colleges and universities.

They appear to pass most of their leisure time in printing vulgar and childish little papers, in persuading tradesmen to advertise therein, in marching in absurd processions along the streets and going through infantile antics, in rioting in theatres and other public places, and in playing tricks upon their instructors, or, failing in that, in playing tricks one upon another. Four years of such occupations are not likely to turn immature boys into well-behaved or useful citizens.

The rowdy behavior of college boys is well known—in New Haven, especially. And we in New York are often annoyed by the youths at Columbia College, as they shriek their unpleasant cheer through our streets in the middle of the night. As to the little papers, there seems to be no end of them. Some of which we had not heard before have been sent us since we published our Little Lecture, and we have received from an anonymous friend a large file of the *Columbia College Spectator*, which seems to be, from such examination as we have been able to give it, a feeble but well-meaning little sheet, with a few pretty poems and many poor stories. It has over the other college-paper with the

Latin name this advantage: that it is more manly and less flippant and vulgar in tone.

Our young friend in Columbia thinks that because he sails under the motto "*a studentibus studentibusque*," his course is none of our business. But Columbia College and all the other colleges have been built up on the gifts of citizens who wished to put their money where it would benefit young students; and if the public finds that this generosity has only served to produce schools where the pupils are permitted, or tacitly encouraged, to be idle, silly and ill-bred—why, the colleges will have to learn a severe lesson, and mend their ways.

Many people are beginning to doubt the usefulness of such an education as our colleges give our boys. They are turned out, after four years of costly tuition, with a mere unpractical smattering of Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics—not enough to make them scholars, just enough to make them think themselves scholars. Of French and German the young graduates rarely know anything. Their English has been most shamefully neglected. Most of the letters that young college "men" have written to us would disgrace a fourteen-year-old school-boy, they are so ill-written and ill-spelled.

It really seems as though it were injudicious on the part of the young collegians to do anything to foster the growing prejudice against the institutions where they are at present permitted to idle.

"THE BOOK-AGENT appears to have created a favorable impression in some part of Texas," says an exchange. Yes, we suppose he makes a good fertilizer.

THE UNITED STATES school-ship *Tennessee* arrived at Portland, Maine, August 16th. We wish our readers to understand that Portland is not a submarine city.

MUSINGS (AS IT WERE).

Loving the graceful willows
Shelter the gray old mill,
And—ye gods! but whence comes the money
To settle my tailor's bill?

Over the sky, rain-dripping,
The golden rainbow is bent,
And to-morrow, O golden rainbow,
I must fix up my last month's rent.

Over the daisy-decked meadows
The dear lambs are frisking gay,
And speaking of sheep reminds me
Of the butcher's bill due to-day.

In the blossomy fields of clover
The cattle are lowing low,
And my milk-bill is ripe to-morrow,
Which gives me a pain to know.

The blue-bells are blossoming sweetly,
And sweetly the blue-birds sing,
And I think of my wife and the unpaid bill
For the bonnet she got last spring.

S. B. McMANUS.

THE MAN-BITING SNAKE.

The keeper of a certain dime-museum on the Bowery is a most fastidious reader, and it is safe to say that scarcely a book of any importance escapes him. It is not owing entirely to a love of literature that he devotes so much of his time to books, but to the fact that very frequently he gets points which he turns to account in his peculiar line of business.

Not a great while ago a book was published entitled "From Ponkapog to Pesth," and it had not been on the market a week before it was added to the collection of the dime-museum man, who concluded that if there was still a show attraction that would prove a novelty, it must be somewhere between Ponkapog and Pesth—if not in Ponkapog. All the wonders of India and Central Africa and Borneo had been done to death; but such a thing as a Ponkapog marvel would yield him a handsome fortune, and fairly revolutionize the profession at the same time.

So one afternoon about five o'clock, when the sword-swallower had stopped swallowing his

sword long enough to swallow his dinner, and the fire-eater had gone down-town to take out a fresh fire insurance policy on himself, and the fat man sat about and told the thin man he looked like a pair of scissors, the keeper of the museum closed Mr. Aldrich's dainty little volume, leaving his finger between the pages for another look, and shouted with delight.

He could scarcely believe himself; so he opened the book again, and made sure. He had found something that would certainly draw an enthusiastic crowd, if he could only manage it properly. He had learned, in the pages of a sketch of travel called "A Day in Africa," that a popular performance in Tangier is that of a serpent biting a man's cheek until it bleeds.

Now he argued to himself that the bite of the snake must be harmless; but satisfied himself at the same time that it would be just as great a treat to the public, anyhow. People, after all, never looked at a man thrusting his head into the lion's mouth or enter a cage of hyenas because they thought he would be killed. It was the very fact that he was not going to be injured that made it so exciting to them.

So he found out the exact kind of snake to be used, and, having made that important discovery, commissioned his agent to secure him one of the reptiles used in Tangier. On the first market-day thereafter in Tangier a splendid specimen was obtained, and, a few weeks later, was passed through the Custom House and delivered to its delighted owner, who, in anticipation of its arrival, had done a great deal of advertising, and had had a huge stretch of canvas hung off the cornices of his museum, showing the snake drawing blood from the man's cheek, and giving people to understand that the man ran a greater risk of losing his life than did the artist who allowed himself to be shot out of a cannon; that he was the only man in the world that could do it, and that he received something like three hundred and fifty dollars per week, in gold, in consideration of his miraculous performance.

He had also employed a dusky man, who was out of employment, and had the appearance of being from a distant clime. This man, having a large family to support, accepted the engage-

ment on the assurance of the proprietor that the snake could not possibly injure him.

"His appearance is worse than his bite," said the proprietor, and the dusky man said he would try it for a few weeks to see how he liked it. He was then given some instructions regarding the snake, and taught a little geography, that he might converse with visitors without exposing the fact that he had never been further from New York than New Jersey.

After this he was measured for a red spangled suit and a silk turban with a silver-plated crescent, and told that although he was John Smith in reality, he was Ah Sid Bungaloo in the variety show. He also had some paint on his face, that he might not be identified by personal friends.

The proprietor of the dime-museum was delighted beyond description at the new acquisition, and, while he figured on the possible fortune within his grasp, he also found a spare moment to smile, in the reflection that his brother professionals would shortly be obliged to haul down their tattooed fat woman and make an assignment.

Ah Sid Bungaloo spent several hours each day with the snake, and fed it flies and frogs, and performed other kindly offices to win its affection and propagate a purely professional intimacy. And Ah Sid Bungaloo succeeded. The snake never was so happy as when he was near to console it, and make it feel less keenly the effects of its bondage.

The proprietor had never tested the man to see if he could successfully go through the ordeal, thinking it would be better to defer that experiment until the acquaintance of the man and snake should ripen into terms of intimacy. He having arrived at the conclusion that they were sufficiently intimate for a trial performance, he closed his museum to the public for a day, and sent out invitations to the press to come and see the great performance.

On the day named in the invitations, representatives of all the leading journals were present, and at the appointed hour the proprietor stepped on the platform, made a short speech, and wound up by saying he would straightway introduce the greatest marvel of modern times, the man-biting snake.

Then the snake, a huge brown one, was brought out of a cage and introduced, after which Ah Sid Bungaloo came on the platform and made a low bow.

The snake, having been brought out of the cage, soon commenced its Tangier tactics by winding itself around Ah Sid Bungaloo's legs, and, crawling spirally about him, finally faced the audience over the man's left shoulder and took hold of his cheek.

The man didn't wince. He smiled pleasantly, and the audience applauded his gameness, while the snake let go to see if he had drawn blood. But he hadn't. He hadn't made an impression. Again he took hold of Ah Sid Bungaloo's cheek and bit with greater force. Something was heard to crack, and in another instant the snake held his head back and spat half-a-dozen teeth on the floor, while Ah Sid Bungaloo smiled serenely. No blood was yet visible, and the snake took a fresh hold with what teeth he had left, and bit so hard that he broke his jaw, without accomplishing his object.

The snake had to be killed on the spot; and the proprietor grabbed the ready-made snake-charmer by the tunic and beat him with the giant's sword, and kicked him down-stairs, and destroyed his peace of mind.

"And all this abuse is heaped on me," soliloquized Ah Sid Bungaloo, as he wandered up the Bowery: "because the snake couldn't put his teeth through my cheek. Allah is good, and my cheek shall never perish under a salary of eight dollars per week."

Ah Sid Bungaloo was a book-agent.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THERE'S A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING.



A MUCH-SUFFERING PUBLIC:—"OH! FOR PITY'S SAKE, DO GIVE US A REST!"

THE SAWDUST-BAG.



WORKMAN:—"WHICHEVER WAY I GO, I GET THE WORST OF IT!"

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

The preliminary skirmishes of the theatrical campaign have begun, and there is a "flurry" in Union Square, the actors flying around to the call of the bugle to take up their positions for the great struggle to take place during the Fall and winter. The MADISON SQUARE, with its cooled iced air—we are dropping into poetry—holds the fort with "The Rajah," although we hear distant rumblings of a new piece called "May Blossom." The CASINO feels supremely happy. It does not know what to make of its success, and thinks of submitting the question to arbitration, Jay Gould and John L. Sullivan to constitute the Court. But we can give an answer without the aid of these capitalists. People like "Prince Methusalem," and the bright dresses, and the music and the fairy-like roof garden, with its tip-top orchestra.

And now is there another blast on the bugle-horn, and the preliminary season is announced at DALY'S THEATRE, and Lecocq's comic opera of "Heart and Hand" is to open it to-morrow night, with a cast selected from members of Duff's Standard Opera Company. And there are in the company Ryley and Campobello, and Emma Juch and Marie Conron, and a host of other favorites. And if he can manage to postpone the capture of his scalp, the President will endeavor to charter a balloon to waft him from the Yellowstone to what the *Herald* would call "the initial representation."

"Zenobia," the spectacular lyric drama, has made the TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE—late PASSION—her home. She was to begin housekeeping last night. No longer is it Haverly's, but the FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and "The Devil's Auction" is what Mr. Samuel Colville has provided for his audiences in a style of "unparalleled grandeur," with a ballet connection and all the rest of it. Now we are waiting to see what is going to be knocked down at the auction, and at what figures.

WE APOLOGIZE.

BOSTON, Aug. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

"Oh, how shall we ever get at you, Bartholdi's beautiful statue?—PUCK.

Unless you raise subscriptions 'fust' Your statue will turn out a bust."

—*Courier Journal*.

Through some ill luck,
Or trick of "devil" infernal,
Our credit you
Have given to
The Louisville *Courier Journal*.

Respectfully,

Boston Courier.

LITERARY NOTE.

September is drawing nigh, and very shortly the golden rod will be blowing by the turnpike wall. The ambitious politician will be making speeches at the county fair, with a view of making himself solid for a future Governorship. The maiden will gather ferns and mosses, the squirrel will hop along the stone wall and gather chestnuts to put him through the winter. Boys will play "hookey" for a game of "shinney," and the poet will ex-hume his overcoat from the sombre recesses of the pawnshop. And, as September is drawing nigh, we wish to state that the first number of the *Commercial Travelers' Magazine* has reached us. It is full of good things, and thoroughly readable. The best thing in the book is by Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, who, in "A Night in the Day-Coach," has written a beautifully artistic and refined humorous sketch that will be as keenly enjoyed by the person who never travels as by the professional railroad man. John Albro has a paper called "The C. T. His Story," which cannot fail to amuse the C. T.; and Charles Follen Adams sings in German dialect about "Der Drummer."

AN ACCIDENT.

A MAN at Long Branch recently entered a restaurant and said:

"Have you any clam-chowder?"

"We have," replied the waiter.

"Bring me a plate."

A plateful was placed before him, and he set to work with great gusto. After he had taken about a dozen spoonfuls, he drew a pair of opera-glasses from his pocket and looked intently at the chowder for some time.

Then he jumped in the air and shouted: "Eureka!"

"What's that?" asked the proprietor.

"I've got it!" yelled the diner.

"Got what?" asked the restaurateur.

"A clam!"

"Great Scott!" yelled the proprietor: "he's got the clam!"

And before the diner could say a word, the proprietor picked the clam up in a pair of gold pincers and bore it triumphantly to the kitchen, threw it back into a huge boiler of chowder, and said:

"Who dealt the chowder to that dark-haired man over there?"

"I did," said the assistant cook.

"Then you are discharged for dealing out the clam that we use for flavoring purposes."

JUST OUT:

PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price 25 Cents.

Answers for the Anxious.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS can hope no favor;
PUCK's pup Assyrian likes their flavor.

DICK.—Thanks.

J. K. M.—Thanks.

W. S. ARNOLD.—All right.

A. G. H.—Thanks; but it may not be, this time.

HASELTINE.—No, she does *not* wear a red jersey.

S. Z. H., Detroit.—Thanks; but we think we can play this hand alone.

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.—We congratulate you on your restoration to reason.

L. NEWFOUNDLAND.—Oh, come, now, dear boy, the fog has got into your humor—or your humor has got into the fog, and is lost.

C. S. P.—Your poem on "The Glass Eye" would serve an old-school surgeon as an emetic. We mean an old-school veterinary surgeon.

RED-LEGGED PROHIBITIONIST.—You must have had a fall from grace when you sent us those "peices" of yours. You had better swear off again.

W. P. W.—The idea is past its first youth, and already, far adown the vista of years, the shadowy hand of Death softly beckons it toward oblivion.

X. O. D.—Your sketch is very prettily drawn, and your language is humorous; but what in the name of common-sense do you mean, anyway?

SUBSCRIBER.—Great Scott! Have you just reached that joke? Why, that was sent astern two years ago, and the funeral ceremonies were not premature, either.

G. U. M.—You imitate the Chicago *Tribune* novelist with wonderful accuracy and effect. The only difference between his work and "A Summer Idyl" is that his stories are funny, while the "Idyl" is merely mildly nauseating.

J. E. F.—You remark that you are an "amatuer" at the poetry business. We judged you were something of the sort when we read the opening of your oratorio:

While at a country wedding
some hundred miles away.
A maiden was to marry
on a certain wedding day.
Her toilet was most handsome.
And her form was
very good. When she put
on her level best. Like any
lady would.—

We don't think we shall buy from that sample, J. E. F.

G. W. B.—We can only answer your letter—

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I sent you some rhymes a short time ago, *inclosing return postage*. As I have heard nothing, would like to know if the contribution was received.

Yours, G. W. B.

—by reprinting a little notice which you may have seen in this paper before:

We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

AN EXPLANATION.

You probably think you are not going to read this. But you are.

You think you know all about it, eh?

You've been there before, have you?

And you've got it down fine, you want us to understand?

And you can't be taken in again, can't you?

You are very clever, young person, aren't you?

You are overloaded with intellectuality.

All you want is a badge and a slight odor of whiskey to be a Philadelphia detective.

You'd guess a whole puzzle department first try, wouldn't you?

And you know what this is, do you?

Oh, you do?

Well, what is it?

It's an advertisement of PUCK ON WHEELS.

It is, Anaximander.

Well, what were we jibing you about?

Oh, nothing, Anaximander.

Only you did read down the whole way, didn't you?

PUCK.





PERSUASIVE NYMPHS TRYING TO LURE THE COY FAUN INTO THE PRESIDENTIAL WATERS.

—PUCK'S Adaptation of Bouguereau's Famous Picture.

THE LAMB ON THE "STREET."

No. VIII.

Wall Street, August 17th, 1883.



What has become of me? Where am I? What have I been doing? Don't ask me. I scarcely know. Let me hear nothing more about bulls or bears. I aspired at one time to become one of these animals. Was I successful? I was not. When I aspired to be a bear, the market went up; when I essayed to fill

the rôle of a bull, the market promptly went down, wiping out my margins. I am nothing now. All my prophecies have remained unfulfilled, all my hopes have been shattered. All the points given me have proved untrustworthy, not to say delusive. I don't know anything about stocks. I never shall know anything about them. I do not deserve to be called a lamb. I am not a lamb. I am a lambkinlet of lambkins. I make abject apologies to those who have speculated, and, of course, lost on my recommendation. I tear my hair out by the roots. I moan, I weep, I storm; but regrets will not give me back all the money I have lost. No one can ever know how Wall Street is going. If any people do, I shall not be among them.

Oh! was not last week rough on me? The papers called it a flurry; it was a flurry, indeed. My money never hurried away so fast.

I was a mild bull at the time—in fact, a sort of calf. The stocks that I had been told would net me at least fifty per cent profit tumbled down out of sight into the bottomless pit. I think if I ever do anything more on Wall Street, it will be as a bear. Now that I have written the foregoing passage, it would be just my luck for everything on the list to go up. Let it be so, for I am determined that nothing shall induce me to become a bull. In fact, I don't see very well how I can become anything just now, for my bank account is at an extremely low ebb. I scarcely like to mention any stocks by name, but did not my heart bleed for my poor Western Union when I saw my unfortunate shares all ruthlessly swept away at the limit of my stop order? And then the other beautiful things that shared the same fate!

Shall I wail over my losses on Erie, on Denver, on Kansas and Texas, on Oregon Transcontinental, on New York Central, on Northern Pacific and a dozen other things? They seek to console me with the information that it was necessary for the financial atmosphere that there should be a little "liquidation"—liquidation they call it—and that soon there will be a firm basis on which to buy. And then I am further told that Jay Gould and Henry Villard have great confidence in the market. But I have no confidence in Jay Gould. Am I always to be a lamb, and never know the delights of shearing others? I fear so. The wind, in my case, is not tempered to the shorn lamb.

BALAAM BOPEEP.

THE FRIED oysters you purchase in boxes on the railroads are splendid things to carry in your pockets, to be used as projectiles in cases of self-defence.

THE MAN of sixty who has been a failure all his life is just the man to take a fellow of five-and-twenty aside and tell him how to get rich, and mention what a fortune he would make if he were only about ten or fifteen years younger.

AT PARTING.

"And like as it were an accordeon,
This lover played on her credulity."
—Old Greek Bard.

REMEMBER THIS: The hands that fret
Your mellow palms, with vain regret,
Were ever tender, leal and true.
So, let the past come back to you
Or warm with smiles, or teardrops wet,
Look in the eyes that will not let
Me lie to you—since first we met
I loved you as you lured me to:
Remember this!

Nor think in death I will forget
You utterly—you who have set
Your lips to mine and drugged me through
With love's delicious honey-dew:
My ghost will have the jim-jams yet!
R-r-r-remember this!

J. W. RILEY.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND—Samuel J. Tilden.

NO MATTER how much confidence a dog may have in you, he will invariably look sad and sheepish, and keep a good distance from you when you are walking beside a pond. And if you carry him near a body of water, he will tremble all over like an aspen, and his eyes will stand out like a couple of cartridges.

FREE LUNCH.

ALL POLITICAL parties have great confidence in their candidates. And yet scarcely a candidate is elected who is not denounced as a failure. As soon as they begin to nominate men whom they can properly regard as failures, we may secure some model executives.

A cow,
Walking by a lake,
Did make
A misstep, stepping in a scow.
The bottom came out
With a terrific spout;
The water came in in a flood,
And the cow's foot sank away in the mud.
The cow was not in clover,
For she tumbled right over,
And swallowed about four barrels of water.
That night her owner smiled and sorter
Felt gay,
For that bay
Cow with a coat as soft as silk
Said to herself: "Every cow should be her own
pump, and, as that scow belonging to
Mr. Dow upset and hurt me, I shall get
square with Mr. Dow, the owner of the
scow; for dearly beloved Mr. Dow, the
owner of that scow that upset this here
cow just now, buys all my milk."

And the owner felt good,
As well he should,
And, as he closed upon two pails his sun-burnt
horny talons,
He said: "That cow has just now given about
six extra gallons.
And he sold it to Mr. Dow,
Who owned the pesky scow
That out in the water
Did kinder sorter
Discomfit that there cow."

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.



WILL OUR TOURING PRESIDENT LOSE HIS HEART ON THE FLY?

ART AND AGONY.

I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



A SWEET SAD SHORT SERIAL.

THE WHEEL'S EXPRESSION.

A Super-Parodic Sonnet.—After E. B. B.

With hammering touch and not deficient sound
I strive intently to play up aright
What music of our wheeling day and night
On keys of thought and feeling I can pound,
Artfully rendering all that rotal round
With octaves of metallic ring and height
Which answer quaintly to our ringed flight
From the red sidewalks of the city ground.

In song my soul dilateth to declare
To plodders the true onwardness I feel
When riding by myself up in the air;
And while I go it—as the thunder peal
Breaks up its cloud—all troubles vanish there
Before my loud apostrophe to "Wheel."

J. G. DALTON.

A SOBER TALK WITH SULLIVAN.

[From the Squonk (Mass.) Bugle.]

Well, John, you have whipped the Maori, and now you stand at the head of the class. When you got away with Ryan, we didn't brag of your performance, for the two of you weren't evenly matched—you had the advantage. On that unlucky evening when Tug Wilson declined to be knocked out, we soured on you a little—yes, we confess it, we did, John!—and while you were hippodroming around the country with

a gang of variety hams and bar-room bruisers, we lost a good deal of confidence in you. But you have redeemed yourself, and we are your friends again—you have met the enemy, and we are yours.

Now, in the heyday of youth, while the evil days come not when you shall say: "I do no slogging in them," there are several things which you should learn and remember. You doubtless think that you have, so to speak, seen the whole show; but, bless you, John, you have only been standing outside the big tent, hearing the band play and looking at the canvas. There are men not connected with your profession who know more than you do; and there are men within its ranks whose craniums would show more bumps for a phrenologist to gloat over than a sand-bag would raise on your skull. You may have located some of these bumps on other pugilists' skulls, John—no doubt you have often felt for them with your boxing-gloves—they are there, anyhow, and, in some cases, there is beneath them brain-tissue which your cerebrum and cerebellum lack. For this reason, John, we shall give you some lessons from the experiences of these gentlemen and ourselves, and we shall expect you to profit by our admonitions.

In the first place, John, a man must be something more than a fighting man, if he would command the respect and affection of the general public. You may be able to knock seven-

teen kinds of blue blazes out of the "best man" in America; but the physician who patches that man up, so that his hide will hold water, is a bigger man than you are. Everybody beyond the reach of your fist admits it. The angels glory in it. Therefore it is not necessary that you should be able to keep that chip on your shoulder all through your life.

You are a handsome fellow, John, and you will be a good deal handsomer after it is off. Knock it off yourself, John, if you want to, we will not meddle with it; but get it off somehow, and button your wrist-bands and quit. You will look better presiding over your saloon than you will standing in a crowd of shoulder-hitters. We know it, you know it, and Boston knows it. John, Boston is proud of you; but Boston's baked beans build brains, and brains accompany their owners to ethical discussions, not to scrapping matches, and take more interest in the Concord lectures than they do in the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Secondly, John, be honest—be modest; admit that there are some persons and some things that you can't "lick." You can't get the better of whiskey, John; it will knock you out every time. Joe Coburn was a good man, in his day; but whiskey downed Joe, and it will do the same by you.

And don't "buck the tiger," now that you are flush. The "tiger" will strike below the belt; he will reach for your pocket, and he will

surely break your guard. Don't stand up with him at all. Throw up the sponge at the start, and let his backers take the stakes, if they will. Let them buy ropes with the stake-money and hang themselves, while you sit out one side and hear the "tiger" howl.

Did you ever think, John, what your muscle was given you for? Did you imagine that your only use for it was to take it into a ring and pound some poor devil until his jaw dropped off and his nose tumbled into his mouth? Well, if you did, you were mistaken. Your muscle will come into play when you see a corner-loafer insult a woman, and when half-a-dozen men jump on one, and when your next-door neighbor beats his wife.

Under these circumstances, John, roll up your sleeves and wade in. Label one fist "Six-months-in-the-hospital," and the other "Sure-death," and administer allopathic doses of either, as the case may warrant. Don't waste your time with professional punchers; take these amateurs that we have named. The P. R. may not hear of such battles, John, but the Recording Angel will, and ten lines on the credit side of his ledger will be worth more to you than ten pages in the *Clipper Almanac*.

Yes, John, the American people hate a coward; yet they hate a bully more. It's impossible that you should ever become a coward; but be careful that you don't go to the other extremity. We all know you, John, as a hard-headed but soft-hearted credit-to-your-sex. Now don't put your heart into training, whatever you do. Your body may grow to be too large, but your heart never can; and when you fight for grub and glory at 207, have your heart all ready to fight for humanity at 270!

Communicated by HARRY A. LEON.

A HOTEL CLERK INTERVIEWED.

How it Looked Upon the Note-Book When the Reporter Finished.

The interviewer said to the hotel clerk:

"How long have you been in this business?"

"All my life," he replied: "and (ting-a-ling! Front—444) I don't know (ding-dong! Front—

pitcher of ice-water for 1804) much about anything else. (To guest: 'No letters for you today, sir.') Not so much about this business as I thought I did (ting-a-ling! Porter, baggage for 405) fifteen years ago. (Bell-boy with card. Lady wants to see Mr. Jones. Front—take this card to 505.) The fact is, I see too many smart men who know (man wants change for \$20. 'Nothing but small bills, sir') all about keeping a hotel, and I find there is a great deal to be learned about it. (Boy with big paper box. 'Take it to 43. One flight.') (To guest: 'You will find stamps at the cigar-stand.') Baggage left for board? Piles of it in the vaults down-stairs. (To guest: 'The train for Queehosh leaves at 5.30 P. M.') There's packages and trunks been lying there for years, (ding! Front—703) and furniture, too. All sorts of traps and curiosities. (To stranger: 'No; the North River boats haven't commenced running yet.') Bad debts? Yes, sometimes. Fact is, a landlord can't help it. (Ting-a-ling! Front—go to 763.) People will get into your books. It's hard to refuse a customer that's paid up for years. (To inquirer: 'Mr. Beegum? He's dead. Died here two weeks ago. Sent him home on ice.') There's a man now just coming in. Owes the house fifteen hundred dollars board for himself and family at permanent rates. (Ting-a-ling! Front—283.) Judgement out now against him. Can't (signs transfer company receipt for baggage) collect a cent. That's him now drinking at the bar. Regular (ding-dong! Front—763) sponge. Holds an official position, too. Big man about town and at dinners. ('John, take this gentleman's baggage to

302.') Do I remember faces well? Seldom forget a face (to a register hunter: 'No, sir; he left three days ago') that I have once seen. (Fat man: 'My key, please.') I used to remember names, too. (To inquirer: 'Dr. Bangor left for home yesterday. No, I'm quite sure he's not here.') But I lost the faculty of remembering names when I was cashier at the Hotel. You see, (ding-dong! Front—fire in 601) in making out our bills there it was the rule of the house to ask every—(To stranger: 'Single or double room, sir? Board by the day or on the European plan?') No matter if you'd stayed there ten years, when you paid your bill, I asked your name. (To patron: 'There's a train on the P. Railroad from Philadelphia to New York at one minute past twelve P. M.') This made me depend on the books for recollecting names, and somehow my mind will no longer retain them. (Nothing in your letter-box today, sir.) It's much harder to act as clerk in some hotels than others, because (ting-a-ling! To bell-boy: 'Tell the engineer to send some steam up to 584') some hotels are so systematic as almost to run (signs an errand-boy's receipt for package) themselves. Yes; I don't suppose there's a third-rate town ('William, take a pitcher of ice-water to 1,000') in the country but some resident there is known to me. (Colloquy with guest: 'John, tell the carpenter to fix the lock on 709.') I have during the last thirty years been clerk at hotels in St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Charleston, Atlanta. (To strangers: 'You must take the Twenty-third Street cross-town cars to get to Hunter's Point.') The business (Front—take this card to 344) is very (Front—544) diff—('No, sir; he's not stopping here')—er—('Want your bill? Certainly') ent. (James, show the gentleman to 409.) No. (Front—porter, get baggage from 900.) Yes. What was I saying? (Ding-dong! Front!)—*Commercial Travelers' Magazine*.

A WRITER in the June *Atlantic* says "listening is a lost art." What, man! Go, get thee to a nunnery; to a boarding-school; go, travel one season with a sewing circle. Get married, man, and you won't do anything, save only listen.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THIS is the season when hard-worked editors go off for a rest, and the new substitutes republish all their best utterances credited to other papers.—*Philadelphia News*.

WETOLJESO.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is ready to delight an admiring and tickle a laughing world. It is full of witty stories and clever jokes of various kinds, and is worth buying and reading.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

PUCK ON WHEELS for the summer of 1883 has just been issued. The prose and poetry of fun are supplied in liberal quantity by the "contributory geniuses" and supplemented by a profusion of side-splitting illustrations.—*Syracuse Herald*.

The fourth midsummer issue of PUCK ON WHEELS is just out, and if anything could be brighter and funnier than its predecessors, it is this. The man who can not—or will not—laugh at and enjoy it, is only fit for treason, stratagems and spoiled grub.—*Toledo Blade*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is the title of a collection of new and original stories, sketches, squibs, rhymes, etc., of a humorous sort, contributed specially for the work by some of the wittiest writers of the land. This little book should not be confounded with PICKINGS FROM PUCK, which latter is made up of extracts from that journal. However, the reader of either will find enough of fun and jollity in it to drive away a fit of the blues.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is the title of the annual issued by the publishers of PUCK. It is even better than its predecessors, which is saying a good deal, for we have hardly got through laughing at the last one, issued a year ago. The price of it is only 25 cents, but by actual measurement (not including fractions) it is worth just exactly \$17.87; therefore whoever buys it gets \$17.62 worth of fun for nothing. It is handsomely printed and very elegantly illustrated.—*Chicago Sentinel*.

The fourth annual number of PUCK ON WHEELS has just appeared. It is dedicated to that amiable ass, "Fitz-noodle," who returns the compliment in a letter of acknowledgment from Newport. When we state that among its literary contributors are V. Hugo Dusenbury, J. W. Riley, John V. Cheney, R. K. Munkittrick and A. E. Watrous, and its illustrators are Zimmerman, Graetz, Oppen, Gillam and Keppler, we need say nothing further as to its merits or its power to make the followers of even Matthew Arnold smile.—*New York World*.

PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883 is rollicking ram-jammed full of fun and rib-ticklers. It overflows with gems from the pens of Vallentine, Munkittrick, H. C. Dodge and a score of other live humorous writers. It is illustrated by Keppler, Oppen, Gillam, Graetz and Zimmerman. It contains 104 pages of solid comfort served up hot and palatable. It is creamy and nutritious, and may be had for the insignificant sum of 25 cents—Trade dollars taken at the usual discount. PUCK is always getting his naked foot into something new, and the little chap "on wheels" ought to be read by all his admirers.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times*.

This rich and racy little annual has grown into a regular summer institution, for which both old and young eagerly look, if children do not cry for it. The fourth number, for the summer of 1883, is just out, and the lovers of genuine wit and humor will not be disappointed in it. The little fellow presents himself on a decidedly unique wheeled vessel, that has very much the aspect of a fish story, and he presents a budget of fun, both in reading and pictures, that will be fully appreciated at the summer resorts and everywhere else. Those three diaries, of the small bad boy, of the old man, and of the crazy poet, are each richly worth the price of the book.—*Boston Home Journal*.

After perusing
PUCK ON WHEELS,
The reader feels
Like enthusing,
And hollows
As follows:
"Here's good luck
To pungent PUCK,
That girdles the earth
With ripples of mirth
At speed of '40—
Like namesake naughty."

—*Boston Courier*.

Out of the depths of sadness, from the far-off land of the Rising Sun Stove-Polish, from the realm of Roscoe Conkling and John Kelly, comes to us that boss chromo, that unrivaled galaxy of song, that repository of choice sensational literature, that old original marriage guide—PUCK ON WHEELS. Like a benison it comes, laden with sweet perfumes from Hunter's Point, stuffed with moral reflections by that grand old truck-horse for reform—V. Hugo Dusenbury—piled with political prophecies that have "R. K. M." scratched on the under side with a bent pin, and ornamented with architectural designs and Runic inscriptions by Keppler, Oppen, Gillam, Graetz, Zimmerman, Watrous, J. W. Riley, H. C. Dodge, John Smith's Son, (aged 43,) and a glorious array of other talented bricklayers and head-waiters. The ends that PUCK ON WHEELS aims at are to bring about sobriety and contentment in the household, diminish the frequency of strikes, prevent the spread of cholera to the United States, advertise Skeneateles and Skowhegan, and get itself sold for twenty-five cents apiece. These are its side issues, but the great final end and purpose of PUCK ON WHEELS is to prove that "accordion" can be spelled with an "e." That's the way P. ON W. spells it, and if it is good enough for P. ON W. it is good enough for us.—*Detroit Chaff*.

LUNDBORC'S PERFUMES, EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

Sufferers from Itching Piles, give Swayne's Ointment a fair trial, and you will rejoice at your action.

NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 41, 56, 87, 110, 113 and 118 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10c. per copy; and No. 131 at 25c.

PUCK ON WHEELS.	PUCK ON WHEELS.
NEW DRESS.	NEW FORM.
Over 100 Pages.	Profusely Illustrated.
JUST OUT.	
PRICE 25 CENTS.	

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

FRAUDS in GINGER

Those who cannot **ORIGINATE,**
IMITATE!

BROWN is not a more
uncommon name than
SMITH,
JONES, or
ROBINSON,

we are all aware, but some-
times **PEOPLE WHO CAN-**
NOT ORIGINATE DO IMI-
TATE! therefore, when the
"GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER"

is desired, be certain not only
to ask for

FRED. BROWN'S
(Philadelphia)

GINGER

but look well at the Bottle,
see that it is **NOT ONLY**
Wrapped in Blue Paper, but
also see that there are

THREE
Trade Mark Labels

ON THE BOTTLE:

The Large Steel Engraved La-
bel, Black and White, the centre
occupied by the Head of
WASHINGTON.

The additional Trade Marks—
one in Red, White and Black, with
Signature—the other with Dose
and Directions for Use in Blue,
Black and White.



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NUMBER 4: "A Day in the Woods." A realistic sketch in black and white. It is a glad picnic party. The Sabbath-school has gone out into the leafy forest. The dark object in the heavens, 800 miles wide and 2,000 miles long, is a cloud. It got to the woods about as soon as the picnic, and it is there yet. Under the great oak you can see the dinner. The large water-proof mound in the middle of the table, sullenly laughing at the storm, is a fruit-cake. The teacher of the infant class made it herself for the little ones. But the storm saved them. See, the lightning has struck the cake. It will never strike anything else. There stands the cake without a dent, and under the table, shattered and blighted, lies the thunderbolt. Under the cedar-tree is a dying dog. He got in the way, and the superintendent felled him to the earth with one fell blow of a biscuit. The tall figure wrapped in the ghostly drapery of a water-soaked linen duster, leading the way to the cars, is the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class. His influence with that class is gone forever. The young ladies will never be able to look at him again without thinking how he looked on this occasion. Up in a tree you see a grief-stricken face peering down. It is the superintendent. He climbed up there to fix the swing, and before they could throw him the rope the storm came up and the picnic adjourned *sine die* and *sine mora*. And he is waiting for the last straggler to disappear before he comes down. He has officiated at Sunday-school picnics often enough to know better than to slide down a shell-bark hickory before an audience. The man with the umbrella under his arm is the treasurer. He is getting drenched, but he does not raise his umbrella. He knows there is a name painted on the inside of it, but for the life of him he cannot remember whose name it is. He is watching his chance to give the umbrella to a stranger.—*R. J. Burdette, in Philadelphia Times.*

A PROPOSAL.

"Paddle your own canoe,"
They told me long ago;
In mine there's room for two—
Will you a-boating go?

—*P., in Life.*

It makes a man mad to suddenly round a corner, meet a richly dressed woman, receive a charming bow, doff his hat nearly to the ground, and then discover that he has been doing the polite to his cook.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A MAN in Italy has made a clock entirely out of bread. It may be no more than proper to state that the mainspring is made out of a piece of North American railroad eating-house sandwich cover.—*Peck's Sun.*

JOHN WESLEY's breast-pin was among the articles offered for sale at a recent London fair. Mr. Wesley, it is believed, was not a hotel-clerk, and his pin did not attract much attention.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ANOTHER Nihilistic plot has been unearthed in Russia. When the Czar entered the breakfast-room the other day, he found two American cucumbers and a melon right on his plate.—*Philadelphia News.*

"*He that is discontented in one place will seldom be happy in another." People are constantly changing their homes from East to West and from North to South or *vice versa*, in search of a healthy State. If they would be contented, and use the celebrated Kidney-Wort when sick, they would be much better off. The whole system can be kept in a healthy state by this simple but effectual remedy.

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Mr. A. S. MERRILL, the popular expressman of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883, as follows: "Having been severely afflicted for about two years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, so called by my physicians, I suffered with distressing pains in my back and retention of urine, caused by a sto, page of the neck of the bladder, and a complication of other diseases. I was hardly able to attend to my business, and at times would be completely prostrated. I was also affected with incontinence of urine to an alarming degree; indeed, it demanded my attention fifteen or twenty times per night, and at times it would seem impossible for me to ride down to the depot on my wagon, for every jar from the wagon would almost seem to take my life. Having failed to obtain relief from my doctor, I finally consulted our druggist, Dr. Merryman, of Brunswick, and requested him to furnish me with the most reliable and speedy cure for such sickness, for I was suffering too much for human nature to endure long. The doctor recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with remarkable success in a good many cases in Brunswick and vicinity. I purchased a bottle, and received such great relief that I continued, and had not used two bottles before I began to improve beyond my expectations. The pains in my kidneys and loins disappeared, I gained strength, and my water began to pass naturally, and I was able to sleep soundly, and obtain the great y needed rest which for a long time I could not. I am fully restored to health, and can attend to my business. Thanks to Hunt's Remedy for my restoration, and I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with kidney complaints."



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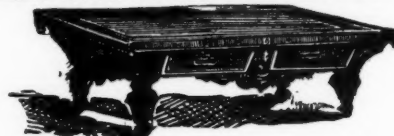
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MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS astonished the Thomp-
son Street Poker Club Saturday night by rais-
ing Mr. Gus Johnson sixty-five cents when that
gentleman opened the last jack-pot of the even-
ing. Mr. Johnson showed up two small pairs
and precipitately fell out; but Mr. Canteloupe
Smith stood the raise and drew four cards. Mr.
Williams stood pat. After the draw Mr. Smith
skinned his cards, breathed very hard and bet
a postage-stamp and a battered cent. Mr. Wil-
liams promptly raised him a dollar and forty
cents. Mr. Smith hesitated, but finally drew
forth his wallet.

"Look hyar, yo' coon, what yo' got dat yo'se
gettin' so brash?"

"Yo' fine out ef yo' bet dat dollah fohty—
jes' yo' see," retorted Mr. Williams, evidently
getting excited.

"Yo'se done rise de tar outen me too offen.
Now what yo' got?" said Mr. Smith, putting
his money into the pot.

Mr. Williams looked disconcerted.

"I—I'se jes' got a small king full," he faltered.

"King full 's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I ain't got it," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" said Mr. Smith.

"I'se got three queens."

"Three queens is good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I hain't got 'em," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" queried Mr. Smith,
growing a little impatient.

"I'se got two par," said Mr. Williams.

"Dat's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I hain't got 'em."

"Oh, come now, nigger, what has yo' got?"

"I'se got one par."

"Dat's good."

"But I hain't got it," said Mr. Williams,
whose situation was growing perilous.

"Lans' stars, nigger, quit yo' foolin! What
has yo' got?"

Mr. Williams slowly skinned his cards.

"I—I hain't got nuffin."

"WELL, DAT'S GOOD!"—*Life*.

POSSIBLY one of the funniest mistakes ever
made occurred recently in this city at a party
where a gentleman who was born in the Sand-
wich Islands, and who belongs to one of the best
Kanaka families, was introduced to a lady just
from the East. She was very anxious to know
all about Honolulu, and how the natives dressed,
and before parting she shook hands with the
aristocrat from Hawaii, expressing her extreme
pleasure at having made his acquaintance.

"You cannot tell," she exclaimed, as he
bowed his adieu: "how intensely I have en-
joyed hearing all about your island home. I al-
ways thought that your countrymen were semi-
barbaric, and I am not really to blame for my
ignorance, because until I had the pleasure of
meeting you I never met a royal Coyote."

There was no harm done beyond a little mor-
tification experienced by the lady when it was
explained to her that a Coyote and a Kanaka
were not one and the same thing.—*San Fran-
cisco News-Letter*.

IT is said that down at Atlantic City they
mistook the footprints of a Chicago belle for a
lawn-tennis court.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"THERE's plenty of room at the top" is very
true of dudes.—*Burlington Free Press*.

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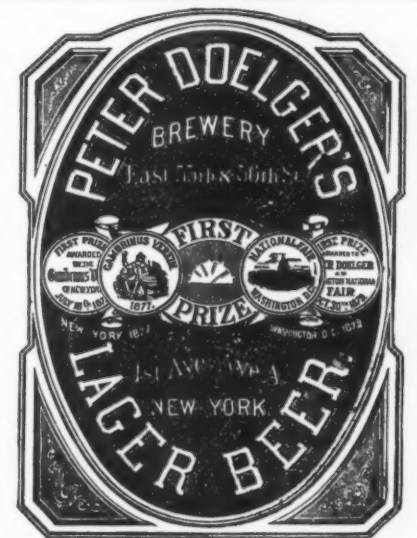
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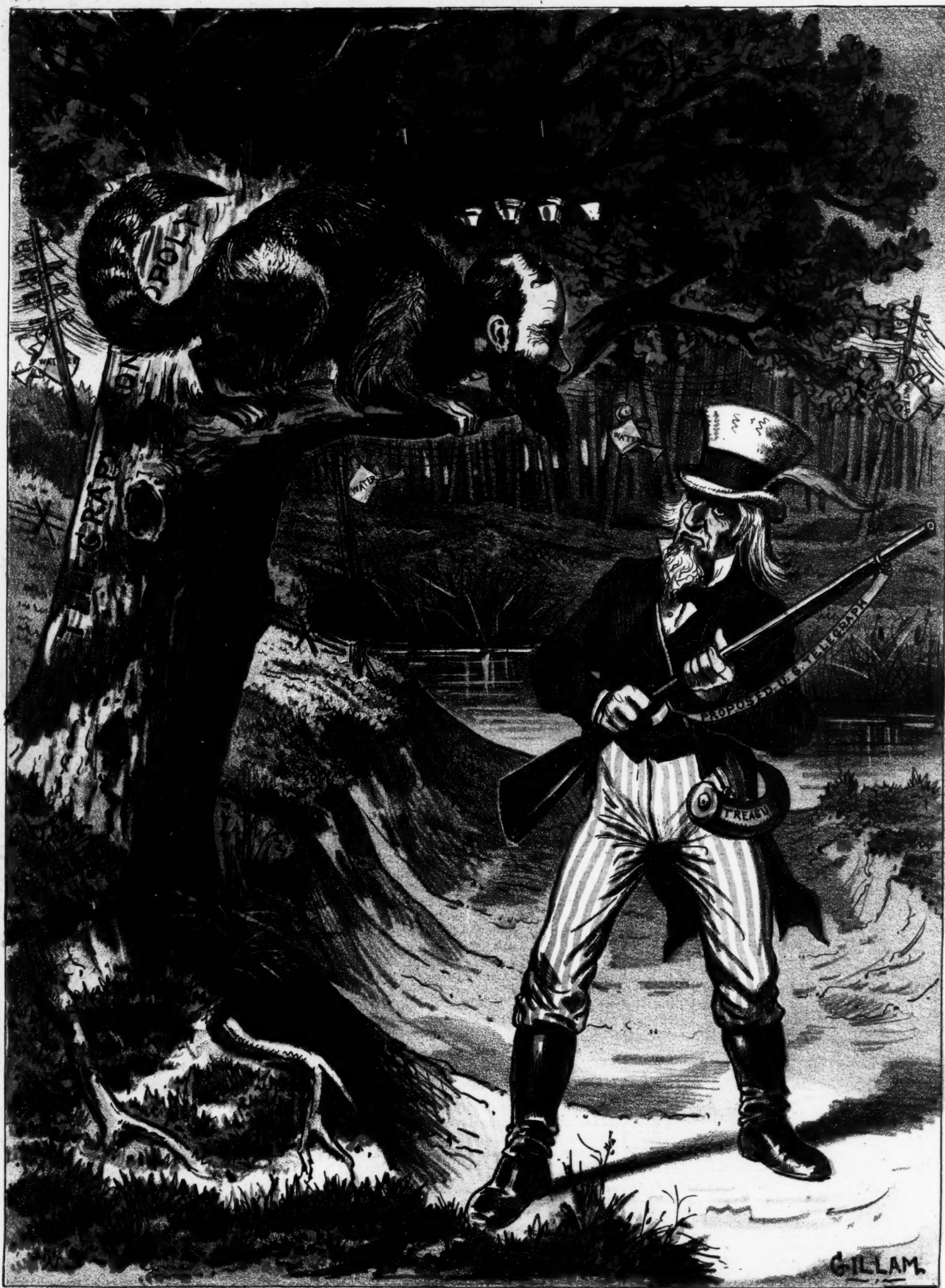
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